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TWO LITTLE TOTS
on their way through the year

BY
J. PAULINE SUNTER
AND
JOSEPHINE POLLARD

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

As the seasons
come and go,
May thy steps
be saved from woe.

TWO LITTLE TOTS

ON

THEIR

WAY

THROUGH

THE YEAR

NEW PICTURES IN COLORS BY

PAULINE SUNTER

NEW VERSES BY

JOSEPHINE POLLARD

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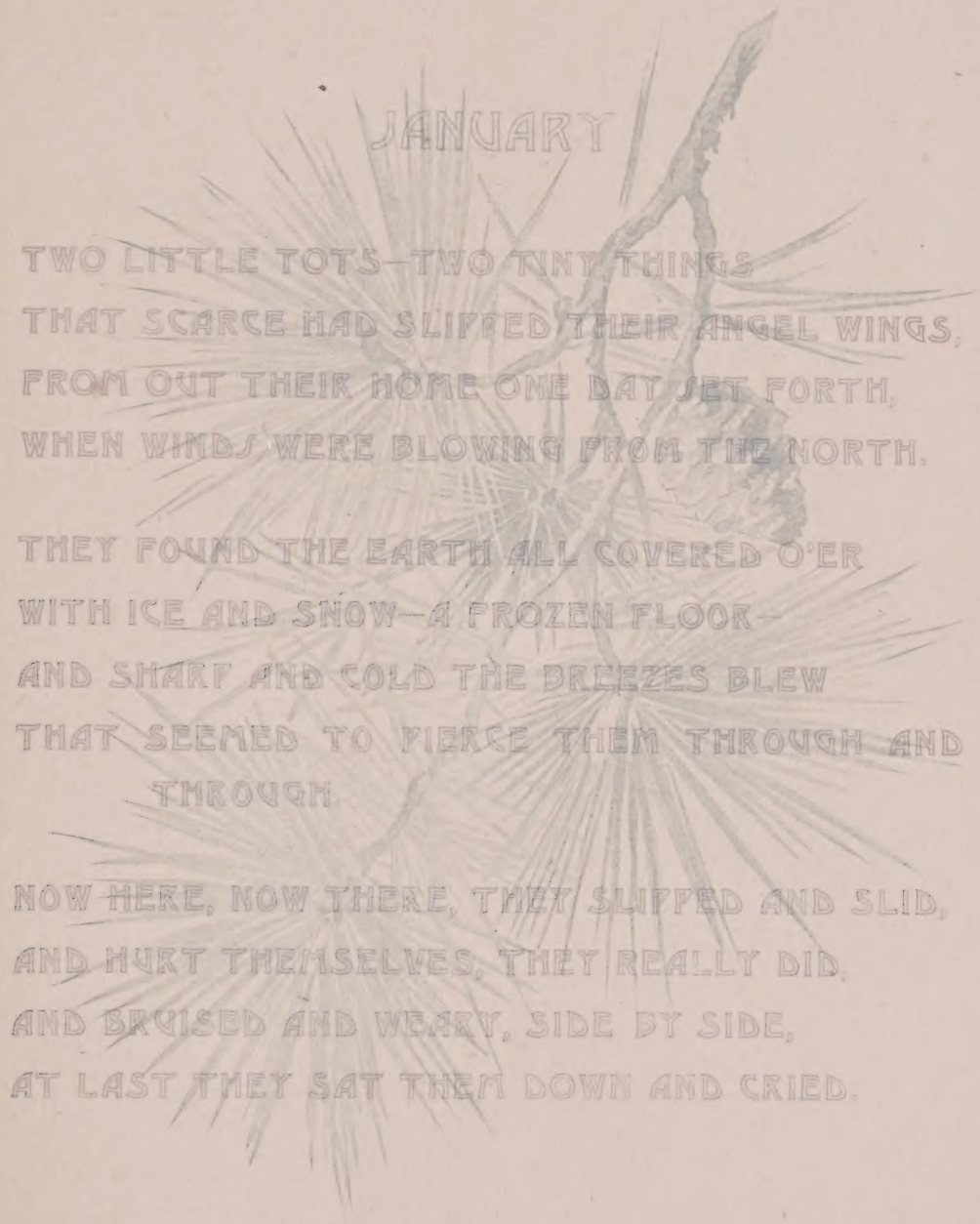


JANUARY

TWO LITTLE TOTS—TWO TINY THINGS
THAT SCARCE HAD SLIPPED THEIR ANGEL WINGS,
FROM OUT THEIR HOME ONE DAY SET FORTH,
WHEN WINDS WERE BLOWING FROM THE NORTH.

THEY FOUND THE EARTH ALL COVERED O'ER
WITH ICE AND SNOW—A FROZEN FLOOR—
AND SHARP AND COLD THE BREEZES BLEW
THAT SEEMED TO PIERCE THEM THROUGH AND
THROUGH.

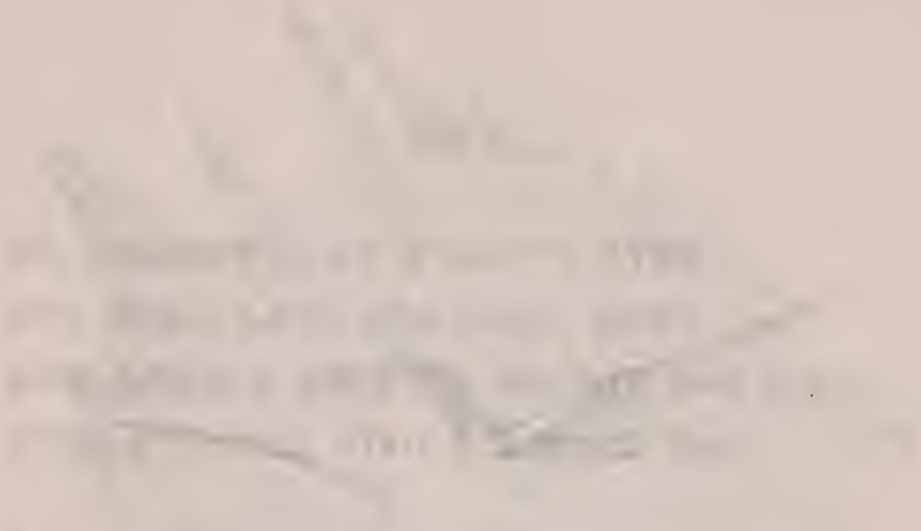
NOW HERE, NOW THERE, THEY SLIPPED AND SLID,
AND HURT THEMSELVES, THEY REALLY DID.
AND BRUISED AND WEARY, SIDE BY SIDE,
AT LAST THEY SAT THEM DOWN AND CRIED.

May life for them
receive no blight,
May all
its sweets be won.

FEBRUARY

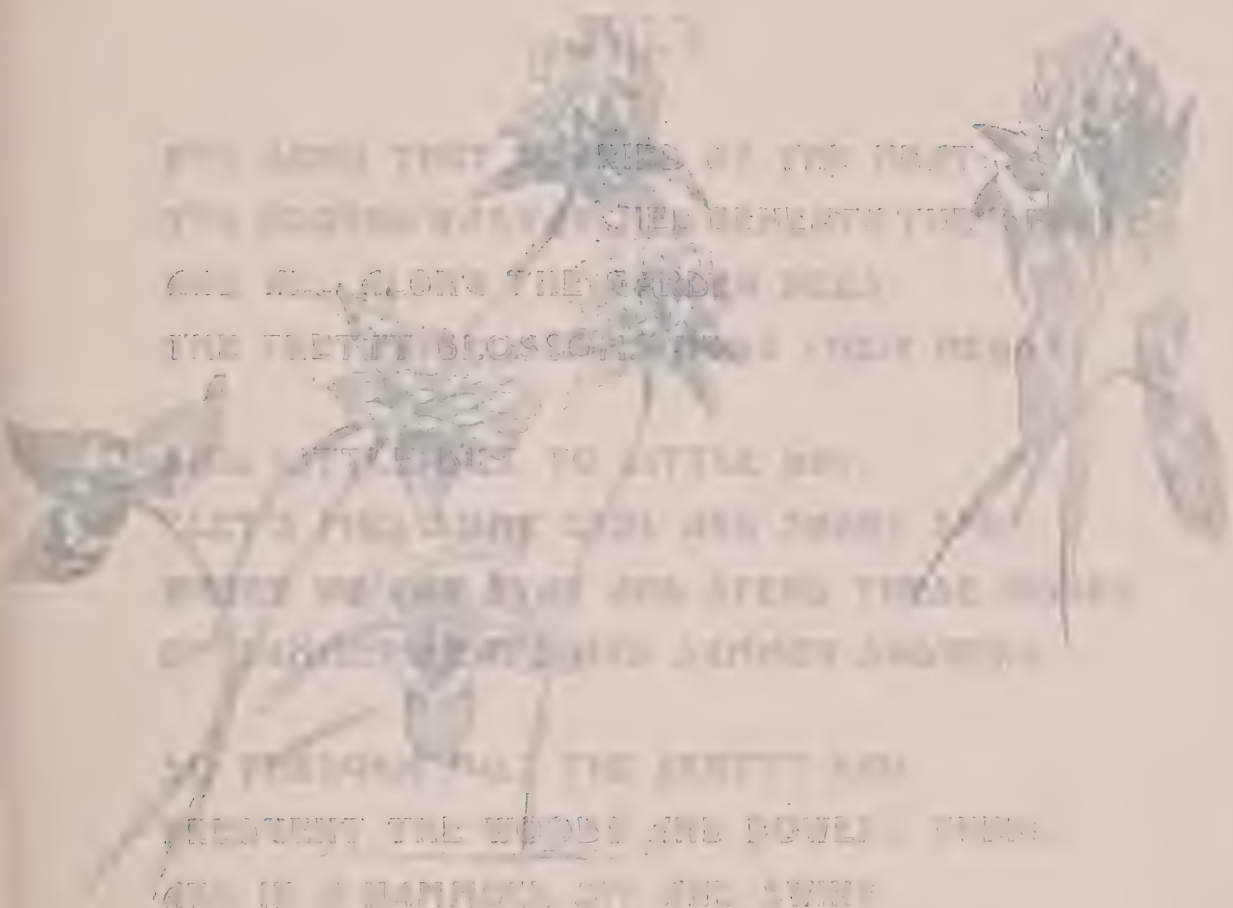
May never a wrinkle
touch that brow,
Nor those eyes be
dimmed with a tear

May ne'er across
thy pathway drift,
A cloud too dark
for love to lift.



May the moments
as they flow,
Bring thee bounties
from above.

All tho' I — for thee,
May the future days
fulfil



Love your lover
with all
that heaven
can send.

ongue cannot tell,
nor simple lay,
The wishes
of my heart explain.

Fain would I spare
thee day by day,
The wayside thorn,
the touch of pain.

Through darkest clouds
some ray of light will gleam,
Thou'lt find
a stepping stone
across thy stream.

NOVEMBER

Take from
my mouth
the wish of
many happy years.

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